THE CLUE OF THE PIGTAIL

By SAX ROHMER

HE most promising lad at the yard," said Inspector Wey- | quite pathetic, and spoke eloquently for the unhappy cause of | mouth; and his usually gruff voice had softened it. strangely.

Nayland Smith struck his right fist into the palm of his left hand and swore under his breath, striding up and the silence I could hear the whispering of the Thames outside— ficiently composed I went on to explain what I thought neces- made it all but impossible for me to give her up to justice. Now

He lay prone upon the deal table—this latest of the river's He lay prone upon the deal table—this latest of the dead—dressed in rough sailor garb, and to all outward seeming a seaman of nondescript nationality—such as is no stranger in Wapping and Shadwell. His dark, curly hair clung clammily in Wapping and Shadwell. His skin was stained, they told me.

I started. This might mean much.

"She came and waited for him last night, doctor—from 10 the time that I stepped across the room until I glanced back.

"She came and waited for him last night, doctor—from 10 the time that I stepped across the room until I glanced back.

"She came and this morning again. She came the third time about an hour ago, and has been upstairs since!"

As I leaped to the door the key turned gently from the He wore a gold ring in one ear, and three fingers of the left

hand were missing. went off in his own time on some funny business down St. up with!" George's way-and Thursday night the 10 o'clock boat got the

ee, sir-you remember his hands?" Smith nodded.

"He was not a Lascar," he said, shortly. Silence fell again.

I turned to the array of objects lying on the table—those girl was stealing down! hich had been found in the dead man's clothing. None of them were noteworthy, except that which had been found before me—back up the stairs! Taking three steps at a time, girl done her work that combustion had not been complete. thrust into the loose neck of his shirt. This last it was which I followed her, bounded into the room above almost at her had led the police to send for Nayland Smith; for it constituted heels and stood with my back to the door. the first clue which had come to light pointing to the authors of these mysterious tragedies.

"You're sure it wasn't part of a Chinese make-up?" questioned Weymouth, his eye on the strange relic. "Poor Cadby the lock. was clever at disguise.'

tation and tried to fit it on the dead detective. "Too small by inches!" he jerked; "and look how it's sternly, "and then prepare to accompany me." padded in the crown. This thing was made for a most abnor-

mal head." He threw it down and fell to pacing the room again.

"Where did you find him-exactly?" he asked.

an hour ago. "And you last saw him at 8 o'clock last night?"-to Wey- ate pleading.

Eight to a quarter past.

"Roughly-twenty-four hours," I replied.

same night. You are sure that is where he was going?"

"Yes," said Weymouth. "He was jealous of giving any- intoxicating. thing away, poor chap; it meant a big lift for him if he pulled the case off; but he gave me to understand that he expected to spend last night in that district. He left the yard about eight, upon any. What have you taken from here?" as I've said, to go to his rooms and dress for the job."

"Did he keep any record of his cases?" with ambitions, sir! You'll want to see his book. Wait while with you-I am lost! If you could only understand-you has produced

I get his address. It's somewhere in Brixton."

up the dead man's face.

Nayland Smith was palpably excited. "There is no doubt in my mind that he was hot on the save you once!" track of Fu-Manchu! Poor Mason had probably blundered di dacoit would be conclusive, for we know that Fu-Manchu killed not know how to meet it. How could I give her up, perhaps to

the dacoit!" "What is the meaning of the mutilated hands, Smith?" "God knows! Colby's death was from drowning, you say?"

"There are no other marks of violence." a fish in the water!"

Smith shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "Let us hope that one day we shall know how they died,"

he said, simply. Weymouth returned from the telephone.

shall not be able to come along, but you can't miss it-it's down was a willing accomplice of Dr. Fu-Manchu? Furthermore, driven off into the wilderness of London's night. In this theatribeside the Brixton police station. There's no family, fortun- she was an Oriental, and her code must necessarily be different cal business there was, to my mind, something ridiculous-alately; he was quite alone in the world. His case book isn't in from mine. Irreconcilable as the thing may be with Western most childish; and I could have laughed heartily had it not been the American desk, which you'll find in his sitting room; it's in ideas. Nayland Smith had really told me that he believed the that grim tragedy lurked so near to hand. the cupboard in the corner—top shelf. Here are his keys, all girl to be a slave. Then there remained that other reason why intact. I think this is the cupboard key." Smith nodded.

'Come on, Petrie!" he said. "We haven't a second to work now?

speeding along Wapping High street. We had gone no more nervously, and her slim body quivered against mine as she seen, but whose name stood for horrors indefinable! Perhaps ! than a few hundred yards, I think, when Smith suddenly watched me with all her soul in her eyes-in an abandonment was destined to meet the terrible Chinese doctor to-night! slapped his open hand down on his knee.

That pigtail!" he cried. "I have left it behind! We must in whose room we stood. have it. Petrie! Stop! Stop!"

The cab was pulled up and Smith alighted. "Don't wait for me!" he directed, hurriedly. "Here—take

going to leave evidence like that lying about? It's a thousand and could not find it! There! will you let me go?" to one he has it already, but there is just a bare chance!"

Of my drive that night I remember nothing, for so lost in Manchu—yes!" thought was I that the cab was outside the house for which I was bound ere I realized that we had quitted the purlieus of terror was upon her. Wapping. Yet I had had leisure to review the whole troop of events which had crowded my life since the return of Nayland Smith from Burma. Mentally I had looked again upon the dead Sir Crichton Davey, and with Smith had waited in the dark

fear and embarrassment in her manner.

"I am Dr. Petrie," I said, "and I regret that I bring bad news respecting Mr. Cadby.'

pened to him!" And divining something of the mission on little word!" which I was come, for such sad duty often falls to the lot of the medical man: "Oh! the poor brave lad!" And again: "Oh! softened again.

the poor brave lad!" Indeed, I respected the dead man's memory more than ever from that hour, since the sorrow of the worthy old soul was ear.

"There was a terrible wailing at the back of the house last

down the neat little room. No one spoke for a moment, and in such beliefs are common, unfortunately, but when she was suf- ing she had brought me down from my judgment seat—had

"There's a—young lady—in his rooms, sir!"
I started. This might mean little or might mean much.

'Do you know her, Mrs, Dolan?"

"Well, doctor," she said, wiping her eyes the while, "I do! "It was almost the same with Mason." The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason." The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason." The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason." The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason." The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason." The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason." The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason. The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason. The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason. The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason. The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason. The river police in London, and that you expect to find min at the same with Mason. The river police is not the girl I should have liked a son of mine to take have killed you had I wished it! Remember—I will come to you how do you know he's there to-night?"

At any other time this would have been amusing; now it graphel on him off Hanover Hole. His first two fingers on the might be serious. Mrs. Dolan's account of the wailing became cry from Mrs. Dolan as the mysterious visitor ran past her. The right hand were clean gone and his left hand was mutilated suddenly significant—for perhaps it meant that one of Fu- front door opened and closed. Manchu's dacoit followers was watching the house, to give

Dolan again. Then there was an interruption.

A soft rustling reached my ears—intimately feminine. The

She cowered against the desk by the window, a slim figure others in a clinging silk gown, which alone explained Mrs. Dolan's is no doubt about the name, I think) 'turned me . . It was a Chinese pigtail. That alone was sufficiently re- distrust. The gaslight was turned very low and her hat shad- booming sound . . . lascar in . . . mortuary markable; but it was rendered more so by the fact that the owed her face, but could not hide its startling beauty, could not could ident. . . . not for . . . plaited queue was a false one, being attached to a most ingenious mar the brilliancy of the skin nor dim the wonderful eyes of suspici- . . . this modern Delilah. For it was she!

"So I came in time!" I said grimly, and turned the key in

Smith snatched the wig from my hands with a certain irri- back with her jewel-laden hands clutching the desk edge.

lips parted. ing tumultuously. "Oh! let me go! please let me go!" and im- have no means of fixing the date of this visit to Shen-Yan's, "Limehouse Reach—under Commercial Dock Pier—exactly pulsively she threw herself forward, pressing clasped hands but I feel inclined to put down the 'lascar' as the dacoit who crept down upon us. A giant shape loomed up and frowned against my shoulder and looking up into my face with passion- was murdered by Fu-Manchu! It is sheer supposition how-crushingly upon the little craft. A blaze of light, the jangle of

veloped me like a magic cloud. Unfamiliar with the complex Tuesday night proposed was last night is a reasonable deduc-"You think he had been dead nearly twenty-four hours, Oriental temperament, I had laughed at Nayland Smith when tion. The reference to a pigtail is principally interesting behe had spoken of this girl's infatuation. "Love in the East," cause of what was found on Cadby's body." he had said. "is like the conjuror's mango tree; it is born, grows "Then we know that Cadby was on the track of the Fu- and flowers at the touch of a hand." Now in her face I read glanced at his watch. Manchu group, that he followed up some clue which led him to confirmation of his words. Her clothes or her hair exhaled a the neighborhood of old Ratcliffe Highway and that he died the faint perfume. Like all Fu-Manchu's servants she was per- for the freedom of your fancy wardrobe. There is time to fectly chosen for her peculiar duties. Her beauty was wholly spend an hour in the company of Shen-Yan's opium fiends!"

But I thrust her away. "You have no claim to mercy!" I said. "Do not count

"Of course! He was most particular. Cadby was a man fearfully. "I should know how to deal with your friend, but tlety, with the most stupendous genius that the modern Orient shudder, would not be so cruel!" Her slight accent added charm to the He went to the telephone, and Inspector Ryman covered musical voice. "I am not free, as your English women are. tain truculence. "It's mostly played out, that game, and gen-What I do I must do, for it is the will of my master—and I am erally leads to failure. Still, if you're determined, sir, there's only a slave! Ah! you are not a man if you can give me to the an end of it! Foster will make your face up. What disguise do "He almost succeeded where we have failed, Petrie!" he police! You have no heart if you can forget that I tried to you propose to adopt?"

I had feared that plea, for, in her own Oriental fashion, she by. I can rely on my knowledge of the brutes if I am sure of my the scent, too, and met with a similar fate. Without other evi- certainly had tried to save me from a deadly peril once-at the disguise." dence the fact that they both died in the same way as the expense of my friend. But I had feared the plea-for I did stand her trial for murder? And now I fell silent, and she saw why I was silent.

"I may deserve no mercy-I may be even as bad as you think, but what have you to do with the police? It is not your angrily. "But he was a very strong swimmer, doctor!" interrupted work to hound a woman to death! Could you ever look another Inspector Ryman. "Why, he pulled off the quarter-mile cham- woman in the eyes-one that you loved, and know that she with a look of real concern in his gaunt, bronzed face. pionship at the Crystal Palace last year! Cadby wasn't a man trusted you—if you had done such a thing? Ah! I have no easy to drown. And as for Mason, he was an R. N. R. and like friend in all the world, or I should not be here! Do not be my You know that I meant something totally different!" enemy, my judge, and make me worse than I am; be my friend and save me-from him!" The beautiful face was close to choler, and wrung his hand heartily. "I can pretend to smoke mine; her breath fanned my cheek. "Have mercy on me!"

At that moment I honestly would have given half of my worldly possessions to have been spared the decision which I minutes later two dangerous looking seafaring ruffians entered "The address is No. - Cold Harbor lane," he reported. "I knew I must come to. After all, what proof had I that she a waiting cab, accompanied by Inspector Weymouth, and were

of pleading despair. Then I remembered the fate of the man

"You lured Cadby to his death!" I said-and shook was saying.

"No! no!" she cried wildly, clutching at me. No! I sweat say the place is close to the liver side. Then you can put us by the holy name I did not! I watched him—spied ashore somewhere below. Ryman can keep the launch close to upon him—yes! But listen—it was because he would not be the back of the premises and you fellows will be hanging about warned that he met his death! I could not save him! Ah! I mear the front—near enough to hear the whistle."

"Rut Smith." I protested. "a few minutes can make no "No! no!" she cried wildly, clutching at me. No! I sweat say the place is close to the liver side. Then you can but the back of the premises and you fellows will be hanging about warned that he met his death! I could not save him! Ah! I near the front—near enough to hear the whistle."

"Yes," assented Weymouth, "I've arranged for that. If "Allee lightee!" he said. "Full up—" book and torn out the last pages and burned them! Look! in you are suspected you shall give the alarm?" 'Can't it!" he snapped. "Do you suppose Fu-Manchu is the grate! The book was too big to steal away. I came twice

"If you will tell me where and how to seize Dr. Fu-

"I dare not! I dare not!"

"Then you would-if you dared?" She was watching me intently. "Not if you would go to find him!" she said.

nd with all that I thought her to be, and stern

you all I know?"

"The authorities"-"Ah!" Her eyes flashed. "They can put me on the rack "Oh, sir!" she cried, "don't tell me that anything has hap- if they choose, but never one word would I speak! Never one luted again.

Closer she came, and closer, until she could whisper in my

and I will no longer be his slave!"

My heart was beating with painful rapidity; I had not At the moment I paid little attention to her words, for that by the charm of her personality and the art of her plead- wait for orders." of the Thames which had so many strange secrets to tell and of her sorrow, and presently the truth came out.

I was disarmed—but in a quandary. What should I do? What "Right!" replied Smith, thoughtfully. "I am half afraid, though the truth came out."

I was disarmed—but in a quandary. What should I do? What "Right!" replied Smith, thoughtfully. "I am half afraid, though the truth came out."

in which some paper ash lay and yet emitted a faint smell.

outside. whenever you will take me and hide me!"

Light footsteps pattered down the stairs. I heard a stifled

"I should never have allowed her in his rooms," began Mrs. have never been any complaints that I know of. I don't under-

We stood in his room at New Scotland Yard, bending over a sheet of foolscap upon which were arranged some burned I leaped out into the hall, and she turned and fled blindly fragments from poor Cadby's grate; for so hurriedly had the

> "What do we make of this?" said Smith. Hunchback . . . lascar went up . . . unlike . till Shen-Yan' (there . not return . . days . . .

Tuesday night in a different make- .

pigtail. h pigtail.'"
'The pigtail again!" rapped Weymouth.

ock.
"She evidently burned the torn-out pages all together," "Oh!" she panted at that, and stood facing me, leaning continued Smith. "They lay flat, and this was in the middle! I see the hand of retributive justice in that, inspector! Now— "Give me whatever you have removed from here." I said we have a reference to a hunchback, and what follows amounts to this: A lascar (among several other persons) went up some-She took a step forward, her eyes wide with fear, her where, presumably upstairs—at Shen-Yan's—and did not come down again. Cadby, who was there disguised, noted a booming "I have taken nothing!" she said. Her breast was heav- sound. Later he identified the lascar in some mortuary. We

Inspector Weymouth nodded affirmatively, and Smith

"Exactly 10:23," he said. "I will trouble you, inspector, Weymouth raised his eyebrows. "It might be risky. What about an official visit?"

Navland Smith laughed. "Worse than useless! By your own showing the place is

She grasped the lapels of my coat. I felt how she trembled. open to inspection. No-guile against guile! We are dealing "I will tell you all I can—all I dare!" she panted, eagerly, with a Chinaman, with the incarnate essence of Eastern sub- Manchu and the severed fingers, and could not repress a "I don't believe in disguises!" said Weymouth, with a cer-

"A sort of Dago seaman, I think; something like poor Cad-

"You are forgetting me, Smith!" I said. He turned to me quickly.

"Petrie," he replied, "it is my business, unfortunately, but it is no sort of hobby!" "You mean that you can no longer rely upon me?" I said,

Smith grasped my hand and met my rather frigid stare

"My dear old chap!" he answered, "that was really unkind! "It's all right, Smith!" I said, immediately, ashamed of my

opium as well as another. I shall be going, too, inspector." As a result of this little passage of words, some twenty

The mere recollection that somewhere at our journey's end I loathed the idea of becoming her captor. It was almost Fu-Manchu awaited us was sufficient to sober my reflections. tantamount to betrayal! Must I soil my hands with such Fu-Manchu, who, with all the powers represented by Nayland me on, Petrie!" he said. "We haven't a second to Thus—I suppose—her seductive beauty arguing against of amazing gruffness, and shook an artificially dirtied fist was so sedulously patrolled! Fu-Manchu, whom I had never under the Chinaman's nose. "Get inside and gimme an' my

> I ceased to pursue a train of thought which promised to lead to morbid depths, and directed my attention to what Smith

"We will drop down from Wapping and reconnoitre, as you "No! no!" she cried wildly, clutching at me. "No! I swear say the place is close to the river side. Then you can put us Chinaman's yellow paw. "Keep me waitin' an' I'll pull the dam'

"I don't know," said Smith, thoughtfully. "Even in that

event I might wait a while.' fingers missing!

for the dreadful thing that had killed him. Now, with those remorseless memories jostling in my mind, I was entering the house of Fu-Manchu's last victim; and the shadow of that giant house of Fu-Manchu's last victim; and the shadow of that giant can be seemed to lie upon it like a palpable cloud.

Cadby's old landlady greeted me with a queer mixture of cadby's old landlady greeted me with a queer mixture of cadby's or have my orders and not yet attained to the opiut justice that I would have had myself, I felt the hot blood leap a dark corner which commands the door of Singapore Charlie's, to my cheek at all which the words implied. She grasped off the old highway. You look the dirtiest of the troupe. Smith walked to a corner and argue with you about getting home. Don't move till you hear floor, pulling me down with him.

Cadby's old landlady greeted me with a queer mixture of commands the door of Singapore Charlie's, to my cheek at all which the words implied. She grasped off the old highway. You look the dirtiest of the troupe. Smith walked to a corner and argue with you about getting home. Don't move till you hear floor, pulling me down with him. the whistle inside or have my orders, and note everybody that goes in and comes out. You other two belong to this division." pipe-or plenty heap trouble!" The C. I. D. men having departed, the remaining pair sa-

> "Well, you're on special duty to-night. You've been prompt "There's an empty shop nearly opposite sir," replied one of them. "I know a broken window at the back where we could

"Hide me from your police-from him-from everybody, climb in. Then we could get through to the front and watch

from there.' "Good!" cried the inspector. "See you are not spotted, night, doctor, and I heard it again to-night a second before you counted on this warring with a woman; moreover, it was harder though, and if you hear the whistle, don't mind doing a bit of knocked. Poor lad! It was the same when his mother died!" than I could have dreamed of. For some time I had been aware damage, but be inside Shen-Yan's like lightning! Otherwise,

Inspector Ryman came in, glancing at the clock.

'Launch is waiting," he said.

your man, Mason, and then Cadby. Against which we have Not more than ten seconds elapsed, I am confident, from this, that so far as he is likely to know there has been no clue "She came and waited for him last night, doctor-from 10 the time that I stepped across the room until I glanced back. pointing to this opium den. Remember, he thinks Cadby's notes are destroyed.'

"The whole business is an utter mystery to me!" confessed Ryman. "I'm told that there's some dangerous Chinese devil "Ma 'alesh!" came her soft whisper; "but I am afraid to hiding somewhere in London, and that you expect to find him at

> "I don't!" said Smith, "but it is the first clue we have had pointing to one of his haunts, and time means precious lives

where Dr. Fu-Manchu is concerned!" "Who is he, sir, exactly, this Dr. Fu-Manchu?"

"I have only the vaguest idea, inspector, but he is no or-He paused and glanced at Smith.

He paused and glanced at Smith.

"That Lascar, too," he continued, "that you came down should forget the dark eyes of another of Fu-Manchu's sersir—you remember his hands?"

Warning of any stranger's approach! It was unlikely that I advance agent of a movement so epoch-making that not one Britisher and not one American in fifty thousand has ever dreamed of it!"

Ryman stared, but made no reply, and we went out, passing down to the breakwater and boarding the waiting launch. With her crew of three, the party numbered seven that swung cut into the Pool, and clearing the pier, drew in again and

hugged the murky shore. The night had been clear enough hitherto, but now came scudding rain banks to curtain the crescent moon, and anon, to unveil her again and show the muddy swirls about us. The view was not extensive from the launch. Sometimes a deepening of the near shadows would tell of a moored barge, or lights high above our heads mark the deck of a large vessel. In the floods of moonlight gaunt shapes towered above; in the ensuing darkness only the oily glitter of the tide occupied the foreground of the night piece.

The Surrey shore was a broken wall of blackness patched with lights about which moved hazy suggestions of human activity. The bank we were following offered a prospect even more gloomy; a dense, dark mass, amid which, sometimes, mysterious half-tones told of a dock gate, or sudden high lights leaped flaring to the eve.

Then, out of the mystery ahead, a green light grew and ever. But that Cadby meant to pay another visit to the place a bell, and it was past. We were dancing in the wash of one It is with some shame that I confess how her charm en- in a different make-up or disguise is evident, and that the of the Scotch steamers, and the murk had fallen again.

Discords of remote activity rose above the more intimate throbbing of our screw, and we seemed a pigmy company floating past the workshops of Brobdingnagian toilers. The chill of the near water communicated itself to me, and I felt the protection of my shabby garments inadequate against it.

Far over on the Surrey shore a blue light-vaporous, mysterious—flicked translucent tongues against the night's curtain. It was a weird, elusive flame, leaping, wavering, changing from blue to a yellow violet-rising-falling. "Only a gas works!" came Smith's voice, and I knew that

he, too, had been watching those elfin fires; "but it always reminds me of a Mexican teocalli, and the altar of sacrifice!

"On your left, past the wooden pier! Not where the lamp is-beyond that; next to the dark, square building-Shen-

It was Inspector Ryman speaking.

"Drop us somewhere handy, then," replied Smith, "and lie close in with your ears wide open. We may have to run for it, so don't go far away!"

From the tone of his voice I knew that the night mystery of the Thames had claimed at least one other victim. "Dead slow!" came Ryman's order. "We'll put into the

stone stairs. A seemingly drunken voice was droning from a neighborhood alley way as Smith lurched in hulking fashion to the door of a little shop above which, crudely painted, were the words:

SHEN-YAN BARBER I shuffled along behind him, and had time to note the box of studs, German shaving tackle, and rolls of twist which lay untidily in the window ere Smith kicked the door open, clattered down three wooden steps, and pulled himself up with a jerk, seizing my arm for support.

We stood in a bare and very dirty room, which could only claim kinship with a civilized shaving saloon by virtue of the grimy towel thrown across the back of the solitary chair. A Yiddish theatrical bill of some kind, illustrated, adorned one of the walls, and another bill, in what may have been Chinese, completed the decorations. From behind a curtain heavily brocaded with filth a little Chinaman appeared, dressed in a loose smock, black trousers and thick-soled slippers, and advancing, shook his head vigorously.

"No shavee-no shavee!" he chattered, simiol fashion, squinting from one to the other of us with his twinkling eyes. Too late! Shuttee shop!"

mate a couple o' pipes! Smokee pipe, you yellow scum-

My friend bent forward and glared into the other's eyes with a vindictiveness that amazed me, unfamiliar as I was with this form of gentle persuasion.

"Kop 'old o' that!" he said, and thrust a coin into the

"No hab got pipee—" began the other. Smith raised his fist and Yan capitulated. "Allee lightee!" he said. "Full up-no loom. You come

He dived behind the dirty curtain, Smith and I following, and ran up a dark stair. The next moment I found myself in "Don't wait too long!" advised the inspector. "We shouldn't an atmosphere which fairly got me by the throat. It was all be much wiser if your next appearance was on the end of a but unbreathable, being loaded with opium fumes. Never before Her hands dropped and she took a backward step. A new grapnel, somewhere down Greenwich Reach!-with half your had I experienced anything like it. Every breath was an agony. A tin oil lamp on a box in the middle of the floor dimly illumi-The cab pulled up outside the river police depot, and Smith nated the horrible place, about the walls of which ten or twelve and I entered without delay, four shabby-looking fellows who bunks were ranged and all of them occupied. Most of the had been seated in the office springing up to salute the in-spector, who followed us in. He nodded.

"Guthrie and Lisle," he said, briskly, "get along and find had not yet attained to the opium smoker's Nirvana.

"No loom-samee tella you," said Shen-Yan, complacently testing Smith's shilling with his yellow, decayed teeth,

Smith walked to a corner and dropped, cross-legged, on the Two pipe, quick!" he said. "Plenty room! Two pieces

A dreary voice from one of the bunks came: "Give 'im a pipe, Charlie, curse yer! an' stop 'is palaver!"

She threw up her hand scornfully. Then the proud glance but don't stick your chests out so much. Do you know of a back way to Shen-Yan's?"

But I will speak for you!"

The men looked at one another and both shook their heads.

The men looked at one another and both shook their heads.

The men looked at one another and both shook their heads. Yan performed a curious little shrug, rather of the back

(Continued on Fifth Page).

PETTY THIEVES PREY ON FUTURE CITIZENS

County Clerk Issues Warning **Against Frauds Infesting** Hall of Records.

APPLICANTS ARE SWINDLED

Pay Varying Small Sums for Worthless Papers.

County Clerk William E. Kelly has to have nothing to do with frauds close beside me. who lie in wait for them about the from one of the bunks. "Look at the they were narrow and long, very edges up, along the top of the beam corridors of the Hall of Records and rats." the County Court. He is also endeavoring to have some of these parasites caught red-handed, and when of the Western world. My throat he does he proposes to prosecute them to the limit of the law.

The evil is an old one, whereby aliens seeking to get their first papers are met in the corridor by individuals who for a certain sum offer to draw up and file their applications. This sum amounts to anything from twenty-five cents to a dollar and a quarter. The applicants are given to understand that the amount so paid out is all that will be demanded of them for their first papers. Some show of authority is given to their scheme by the fact that they make old to take the prospective citizens to one of the rooms in the Hall of Records, usually to Room 39, which is set aside for lawyers, and there on dummy blanks draw up the applica-

Having paid out the fee demanded, the applicant is instructed to go to Room 7 and there file this alleged application. From the clerk he learns the application he holds is worthless, good only as a guide to the clerk in the Naturalization Bureau, and that he has been doing business with a

Last Tuesday, which proved one of the heaviest days in the work of the Naturalization Bureau, when there were sixty-four applicants for first and ninety-five petitioners for final papers, County Clerk Kelly and several of his assistants formed themselves into a detective squad to catch some of these frauds. Word evidently had gone out that "the Boss" was on the job, as none of the parasites was seen about.

A good description of two of them has been furnished the County Clerk, and a keen lookout is being kept. Police Commissioner Woods has refused Records, and in answer to County all men detailed to public buildings were being withdrawn.

On the wall of the main floor of one upon the other.

The fee for your declaration (your first paper) is one dollar; for your petition (your second paper) four Any person demanding or liable to a heavy fine and imprison-

In the Naturalization Bureau is another sign to the effect that the clarks will give free of charge any advice applicants desire, and cautioning them to do business with nobody

RICHMOND HILL WOODHAVEN

of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fostel, of man, and, trusting to the darkness, Miss Julia Claire Fostel, daughter 1211 Bigelow place, Woodhaven, and I too lay prone and still, and watch-ed the evil face bending lower and Mr. and Mrs. August Dickau, of 4002 lower-until it came within a few Water street, Woodhaven, were married last night at the home of the bride's parents by the Rev. Charles Bacheller of the English-French I rolled my eyes up as the lid was Evangelical Church. The bride was adroitly lifted and lowered again attended by her sister, Miss Alice The man moved away. Fostel, and the groom by his brother, Henry Dickau. The couple will make Woodhaven. Among those present at the ceremony and reception were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fostel, Charles Fostel, Miss Louise Fostel, George Fostel, Miss Blanche Fostel, Louis Fostel, Miss Claire Fostel, Miss Emma Fostel, Mr. and Mrs. August Dickau, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hamman, Miss

S. S. Parade June 10.

Union has decided on Saturday, June 10, as the date for the annual Sunday school parada. Officers of the union have just been elected at the annual meeting as follows: Clifford E. Barker, president; Frank R. Hibbard, vice-president; Alfred S. Wheeler, secretary; F. E. Terwilliger, treasurer; Skidmore Pettit, Jr.,

Dorthy Hamman, Louis Finance.

Personal Notes.

The Rev. Edward H. Emmett, the new pastor of the Richmond Hill Saptist Church, will be the guest of onor at a meeting of the Men's Chub of the church on Tuesday evening. Mrs. H. Butler, of Maple street, will entertain the Star Five-hundred

Club next Thursday. Miss Helen Blase, of Manor avenue, left yesterday for a week's trip to

Mrs. E. Singer, of Van Wicklen lace, is visiting friends in Glen-

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Robinson, of Gien Morris, are entertaining for the week and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Brod, of Manhattan: Miss Minnis Hirsch, of Greenpoint, and Miss Violet Farley, of Jersey City, who will make her future home with Mr. and Mrs.

Coming Events.

The second annual musicale of the First M. E. Sunday school orchestra will be given on Tuesday night at the church, Church street and Beaufort

The Women's Auxiliary of the Woodhaven Exempt Volunteer Fire-men's Association will give a shirt waist dance to-morrow night at Firemen's Hall, Jerome avenue. meeting of the Baptist ministers Brooklyn and Long Island will be

d to-morrow in the Union Course The Parish Progressive Club of the Church of the Holy Child Jesus will give a card party to-morrow at the home of Mrs. John Burke, 409 Bedford avenue, for the benefit of the parochial school fund.

An official visit to Richmond Hill Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star,

vill be made on Tuesday evening by Mrs. Maude R. Sparrow, district

deputy.

Richmond Hill Chapter, O. B. S., will give a card party on Wednesday svening at Masonic Temple.

A new hot water bottle of Ger-wan invention is made of metal and table, with some odds and ends upon

THE CLUE OF THE PIGTAIL.

(Continued from Third Page.)

opium adhering to the end. Slowly roasting this over the lamp, he dropped it into the bowl of the metal pipe which he held speaker began to pass this strange ready, where it burned with a spirituous, blue flame.

iridescence.

never heard.

moving his gaze from mine.

Cover him! Shoot him dead if"-

The conclusion of that sentence !

"Smith!" I cried. * . "Help!

Keeping myself afloat with increas-

No more drops fell, and no more

lapse. For it was beginning to emit

The room above me was in flames.

cracks in the crazy flooring, which

had fallen about me for the death

trap had reclosed, I suppose mechan-

My saturated garments were drag-

ging me down, and now I could hear

the flames hungrily eating into the

ancient rottenness overhead. Shortly

that caldron would be loosed upon

my head. The glow of the flames

grew brighter . . . and showed me the half-rotten piles, upholding the

building, showed me the tidal mark

upon the slime-coated walls-showed

foul place was fed from the Thames.

By that duct, with the outgoing tide,

By some subterranean duct the

Rusty fron rings were affixed to one

Brighter and brighter grew the

awesome light-the light of what

should be my funeral pyre-reddening

"Merciful heaven!" I breathed.

A desire for laughter claimed me

My garments weighed upon me like

a suit of mail; with my chest aching

dully, my veins throbbing to bursting.

I forced tired muscles to work, and.

every stroke an agony, approached

the beam. Nearer I swam . . .

seeming of a pool of blood. Confused

sounds a remote uproar came to my

ears. I was nearly spent . . .

was in the shadow of the beam. If I could throw up one arm

A shrill scream sounded far above

"Petrie! Petrie!" (That voice must

be Smith.) "Don't touch the beam! For God's sake don't touch the

beam! Keep afloat another few sec-onds and I will get to you!" Another few seconds! Was that

I managed to turn, to raise my throbbing head; and I saw the

strangest sight which that night yet

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S. S. "Bermudian

From N.Y. alternate Tues.

stood upon the

No Red Tape

Nayland Smith

can't reach him!"

rung above.

"Have I the strength?"

down-grimly, sternly.

me that there was no escape.

ically.

It was drops of burning oil from the

finding passage through the

"Pass it over," said Smith huskily hind the table. But from the mo-and rose on his knees with the as-sumed eagerness of a slave to the one who sat there, I think if the Yan handed him the pipe, which he I should not have had eyes for any promptly put to his lipe, and prepared of its wonders. He wore a plain yellow robe, of a "Whatever you do, don't inhale hue almost identical with that of his with fear . . . for me. any," came Smith's whispered in-

It was with a sense of nausea to smoke it. Taking my cue from colored hair my friend, I allowed by head gradu-lover and lower, until, over the dirty

Yan had noiselessly withdrawn, and green! But their unique horror lay I experienced a curious sense of isola- in a certain filminess (it made me and swooned. tion from my fellows-from the whole think of the membrana nictitans in a

head ached. The vicious atmosphere I actually passed the threshold, reseemed contaminating. I was as one dropped . "somewhere east of Suez,

where the best is like the worst, Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a

Smith began to whisper softly. "We have carried it through successfully so far," he said. "I don't know if you have observed it, but there is a stair just behind you, half We concealed by a ragged curtain. are near that and well in the dark. I have seen nothing suspicious so far -or nothing much. But if there was anything going forward it would no doubt be delayed until we new arrivals were well doped. Sah!"

He pressed my arm to emphasize the warning. Through my half-closed eyes I perceived a shadowy form near green eyes, and with a scream I was the curtain to which he had referred. unable to repress, I dropped-dropped I lay like a log, but my muscles were dropped tensed nervously.

The shadow materialized as the figure moved forward into the room head! with a curiously lithe movement. The smoky lamp in the middle of the place afforded scant illumination, lowing upon my own-a booming serving only to indicate sprawling shapes here an extended hand, brown or yellow; there a sketchy, corpselike face-while from all about rose obscene sighings and murmurdown the black terror that had me by ings in faraway voices, an uncanny animal chorus. It was like a glimpse the throat; terror of the darkness of the Inferno seen by some Chinese about me, of the unknown depths be-Dante. But so close to us stood the neath me, of the pit into which I was newcomer that I was able to make cast amid stifling stenches and the out a ghastly, parchment face, with lapping of tidal water. small oblique eyes, and a misshapen head crowned with a coiled pigtail, Help!" to detail a patrolman to the Hall of Theer was something unnatural, in- me, yet I was about to cry out again, had brought death to poor Cadby

and something repulsive in the bent mind and all my failing courage, I had dropped it as he threw his arm shape and long, yellow hands clasped recognized that I had better employ- about me on the ladder. Her mask On the wall of the main floor of Fu-Manchu, from Smith's ac- swim straight ahead, desperately, de- her wig I felt certain had been the straight ahead to face all the horrors of her wig I felt certain had been the this place to die hard if die I must. crouching apparition with death's head countenance and lithe movements; but an instinct of some darkness and hissed into the water kind told me that we were on the beside me. accepting any other fee or moneys is the decter's several How I was one of I felt that, despite my resolution. I Another flery drop-and another.

but with no doubt in my mind that this was a member of the formid-slimy timbers. I had reached one able murder group I watched the bound of my watery prison. More the pigtail with you that was found yelow man creep nearer-nearer- fire fell from above, and the scream on Cadby?" silently-bent and peering. He was watching us.

Of another circumstance I became aware—and a disquieting cir-cumstance. There were fewer mur-cumstance. There were fewer murmurings and sighings from the sur- my eyes. rounding bunks. The presence of the crouching figure had created a drops would fall; but it was merely a back in my corner. sudden semi-silence in the den, question of time for the floor to colwhich could only mean that some of the supposed optum smokers had a dull, red glow. merely feigned coma and the ap-

proach of coma. Nayland Smith lay like a dead

closed my eyes. Delicate fingers touched my right eyelid. Divining what was coming, I rolled my eyes up as the lid was

I had saved the situation! And noting anew the hush about me-a hush their home at 1434 Gherardi avenue, in which I fancied many pairs of ears listened-I was glad. For just a moment I realized fully how, with the place watched back and front, we yet were cut off-were in the hands of Far Easterns, to some extent in the power of members of that most inscrutably mysterious race, the victim

"Good!" whispered Smith at my of the walls communicating with a side. "I don't think I could have done trap; but the bottom three were missit! He took me on trust after that. The Richmond Hill Sunday School My God! what an awful face! Petrie, it's the hunchback of Cadby's notes! Ah! I thought so. Do you see that?" was possible. A man had scrambled the olly water and adding a new dread to the whispering, clammy horror of down from one of the bunks and was to the whispering, clammy horror of the bent figure acress the

above the water and directly They passed around us quietly, the below the fron ladder. little yellow man leading with his turious, lithe gait, and the other, an impassive Chinaman, following. The curtain was raised, and I heard their wiht sudden; all but irresistible force. I knew what it portended and fought

footsteps receding on the stairs. "Don't stir!" whispered Petrie. An intense excitement was clearly upon him, and he communicated it to Who was the occupant of the

room above? Footsteps on the stair, and the Chinaman reappeared, recrossed the floor and passed out. The little bent man went over to another bunk—this the water, which now had all the time leading up the stair one who looked like a Lascar.

"Did you see his right hand?" whis-pered Smith. "A dacoit! They come here to report and to take orders! Petrie, Dr. Fu-Manchu is up there!"

"What shall we do?" softly.
"Wait. Then we must try to rush the stairs. It would be futile to bring in the police first. He is sure to have some other exit. I will give the word while the little yellow devil is down here. You are nearer and will have to go first. But if the hunchback follows I can deal with him. I shall be

directly at your elbow." Our whispered colloquy was interrupted by the return of the dacolt, who recrossed the room as the Chinaman had done and immediately took lowest iron rung . . . supporthis departure. A third man, whom ed by the hideous, crook-backed Chinaman, who stood upon the Smith identified as a Malay, ascended the mysterious stairs, descended and went out, and a fourth, whose nation-It was as Smith said this despair-ingly that I looked up—and saw the ality it was impossible to determine, followed. Then, as the softly moving asher crossed to a bunk on the right Chinaman snatch at his colled pig-

of the outer door-

"Up you go, Petrie!" cried Smith for further delay was dangerous and further dissimulation useless. I leaped to my feet. Snatching my revolver from the pocket of the rough jacket I wore, I bounded to the stair and went blundering up in complete darkness. A chorus of brutish cries clamored from behind, with a muffled scream rising above them all; but Nayland Smith was close behind as I raced along a covered gangway, in purer air, and at

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Broadway, N. Y.; J. Lahrenkrausa &
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ticket asent. door at the end and almost fell into the room beyond. What I saw was merely a dirty hinged in the centre and so it, of which I was too excited to take ped that it can be fitted to hus note, an oil lamp swung by a brass shain above, and a man sitting be-

my heels when I crashed open a

tail and pull it off. With it came this business the wig to which it was attached; Smith. "We are far too sentimental! and the ghastly yellow mask, de- I knew what it meant to us, Petrie prived of its fastenings, fell from

Be quick Be quick!"
A cloud of hair came falling about the slim shoulders as the life line to Smith and I think it was my wonder at knowing her for the girl whom that day I had surprised in Cadby's rooms which saved my

For I not only kept afloat, but kept my gaze upturned to that beautiful flushed face and my eyes fixed upon hers-which were wild smooth, hairless countenance. His hands were large, long and bony, and he held them knuckles upward Smith, by some contortion, got the false queue into my grasp, and I,

with the strength of desperation, by greater even than that occasioned by and rested his pointed chin upon that means seized hold upon the the disgusting atmosphere of the den their thinness. He had a great, high lowest rung. With my friend's arm that I took the pipe and pretended brow, crowned with sparse, neutral around me, I realized that exhaustion was even nearer than I had Of his face, as it looked out at me supposed. My last distinct memory over the dirty table, I despair of writ- is of the bursting of the floor above within a few minutes, I sprawled ing convincingly. It was that of an and the big burning, joist hissing issued a warning to intending citizens sideways on the floor, Smith lying archangel of evil; and it was wholly into the pool beneath us. Its fiery lose beside me.
"The ship's sinkin'," droned a voice that ever reflected a human soul; for closed two sword blades, riveted, slightly oblique-and of a brilliant which I had striven to reach.

"The severed fingers -" I said, How Smith got me through the of the Western world. My throat bird) which, obscuring them as I trap I do not know-nor how we made was parched from the fumes; my threw wide the door, seemed to lift as our way through the smoke and flames of the narrow passage it vealing the eyes in all their brilliant opened upon. My next recollection is I know that I stopped dead, one

supporting me and Inspector Ryman foot within the room, for the maligholding a glass to my lips. nant force of the man was something A bright glare dazzled my eyes. A surpassing my experience. He was crowd surged about us, and a clangor surprised by this sudden intrusion- and shouting drew momentarily yes; but no trace of fear showed upon nearer.

that wonderful face only a sort of "It's the engines coming!" pitying contempt. And, as I paused, plained Smith, seeing my bewilderhe rose slowly to his feet, never rement. "Shen-Van's is in flames! It was your shot, as you fell through "It's Fu-Manchu!" cried Smith, over the trap, that broke the oil lamp-" my shoulder, in a voice that almost "Is everybody out?" was a scream. "It's Fu-Manchu!

"So far as we know." "Fu-Manchu-Smith shrugged his shoulders. "No one has seen him. There was some door at the back-"

Dr. Fu-Manchu reached down beside the table-and the floor slipped "Do you think he may-?" "No," he said tensely. "Not until One last glimpse I had of the fixed, see him lying dead before me shall believe it!" Then memory resumed its sway. and plunged into struggled to my feet.

ley water, which closed over my "Smith! where is she?" I cried. "Where is she?" Vaguely, I had seen a spurt of "I don't know!" flame had heard another cry folshortly. "She's given us the slip, doctor!" sound (the trap)-the flat note of a said Inspector Weymouth, as a fire police whistle. But when I rose to the engine came swinging round the corsurface, impenetrable darkness envel-

ner into the narrow lane. "So has Mr. oped me, I was spitting filthily oily Singapore Charlie-and, I'm afraid, somebody else! We've got six or liquid from my mouth, and fighting eight all sorts, some awake and some asleep; but I suppose we shall have to let 'em go again. Mr. Smith tells me that the girl was disguised as a Chinaman. I expect that's why she managed to slip away.' I recalled how I had been dragged from the pit by the false queue -how the strange discovery which

had brought death to poor Cadby Records, and in answer to County human, about that mask-like face, when, mustering all my presence of had brought life to me; and I seemment for my energies, and began to the girl might have retained, but termined to face all the horrors of dropped into the water A drop of liquid fire fell through the brigade still were playing upon the It was later that night, when the

blackened shell of what had been Shen Yan's opium shop, and Smith and I were speeding away in a cab bottom of which is a flat tag for from the scene of God alone knows address and stamp. how many crimes, that I had an I touched a rotting wooden post and idea.

"Smith." I said, "aid you bring of hysteria quivered, unuttered, in "Yes! I had hoped to meet the owner.

> 'Have you got it now?" "No. I met the owner." I thrust my hands deep into the pockets of the big pea-jacket lent to me by Inspeitor Ryman, leaning

"We shall never really excel

shoulders and chest.

-what it meant to the world; but I hadn't the heart! I owed her your "Here! Here! Be quick! Oh! Be life. I had to square the account!" quick! You can lower this to him!

Newest Notes of Science

New Zealand has an annual death rate of less than 1 per cent. Electricity has been adapted to forifferent purposes about a ty-eight d

An enamel to glaze pottery without the use of heat is a German inven-One of the newer vacuum bottles

taken entirely apart for Japanese claim to have invented matches that will light perfectly even Am Locomo pfd... 102

when wet.

Quickly adjusted molds for concrete steps have been patented by a Mis-Plumbago is the most important mineral product of Ceylon, which has

about 1,000 m For advertising purposes an autoof sitting up, with my friend's arm a huge wooden shoe.

An air propelled hydroplane has been built in France for use on shal-low rivers in Africa. Seats which can be hung on auto-

mobile doors to carry additional pas-sengers have been invented. An alcohol lamp provides the heat in apparatus invented by a French-man to disinfect with steam.

Included with recently invented sun goggles is a shade to protect a wearer's nose from sunburn. Bombay averages more than 72

inches of rain a year and gets most of it within four or five months. A hand-operated machine to knead the stiffness out of leather has been invented by an Oklahoma man.

A powerful machine has been built in Germany for compressing scrap metal into more easily handled bales. Sharp points in the inside of the lid of a new egg cup cut the shell away without disturbing the contents.

Sixty miles of thread woven from the fibre of a species of Italian nettle weighs but two and a half pounds. Leather and canvas covers to be

laced over automobile springs to keep them clean and dry have been pat-A wall tie that grips half a dozen bricks instead of two, as customary,

has been invented by a scotch builder. About 1,720 miles of railroads in the United States have been electrified to about 1,278 in all foreign lands. According to a British scientist,

valuable a flesh building food as beef or mutton For parcel post purposes there has been invented a bag sewed to the Del, Lack & West 222

According to an official German test, networks of telephone wires Diamond Match .. 107 over a city tend to diminish the danger from lightning.

For carrying a baby a California inventor has patented a sling, supinventor has patented a sling, sup- Erie ported by straps around a parent's Erie 1st pfd......

new motor attachment for bicycles is carried behind the sad-dle and imparts its power by friction against the rear wheel.

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Am Steel Foundry 50 Am Sugar 109 Am Sugar pfd 1151/2 Am Tel & Tel.... 1281/4 Am Tobacco 195 Am Tob pfd new. 106 Am Woolen 481/4 Am Woolen pfd., 97% Am Writ Paper pf Am Zinc & Lead.. 95 Anaconda Assets Realiz Co. Associated Oil Atch Top & S F ... 102% Atch T & S F pfd. 101 Atlantic Coast ... 109 Palowin Locomo. 1021/2 Paldwin Loco pfd. 108 Ealt & Ohio 85% Ealt & Ohio pfd. 76% Ratopilas Mining .. Bethlehem Steel ... 459

Bethlehem Steel pf 135 Fklyn Rapid Tran 85% Pklyn Union Gas. 1281/6 Prown Shoe Buf, Roch & Pitts. 93 Burns Bros Butte & Superior. 94% Cal Petroleum Cal Petroleum pfd 49% Canadian Pacific.. 1671/2 Case pfd 88 Central Leather ... 521/2 Cen Leather pfd.. 1101/2 handler Motors .. 94% hes & Ohio..... Chic Great West .. 121/4 Chic Gt West pfd. 34% Chic, M & St P ...

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cible Steel pfd. 'uba Am Sugar... 211 uba Am Sugar pf 1051/2 Del & Hudson

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Letroit Edison ... 1321/2 Detroit United ... 981/2 Distilling Sec. Elec Storage Bat ..

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117%

160%

83

34% 178% 80% 50%

118

160%

2214 82%

10714

21/2

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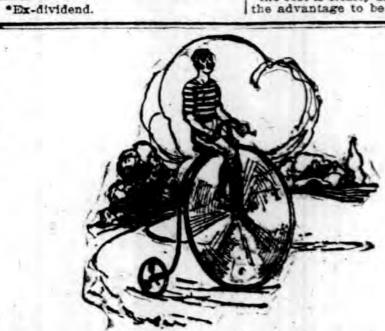
Long Island City

ASTORIA CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS BEEN REMODELED

Following work extending over a year, the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Newtown avenue, Astoria, will appear as practically a new structure for Easter services this morning. From a plain brick building it has been altered into one of the handsomest structures in the borough, the style of architecture being that of the early English Gothic. At the solemn high mass during the morning services the Rev. Charles F. Gibney, rector, will preach. In the evening the sermon will be delivered by the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J. Plans for the dedication of the remodeled structure have been arranged for Sunday, May 14, when Bishop McDonnell will officiate.

P. S. BOARD OPPOSES "L" PLATFORM EXTENSION

Because it would cost from \$40,000 to \$55,000 to extend the union elevated platform now in course of construction on the plaza of the Queensboro Bridge eastward as far as Jackson avenue, the Public Service Commission announces it is opposed to the plan. Business men along Jackson avenue complain that if the station is completed two blocks down on the plaza west of Jackson avenue, it will take away their patrons. It is contended by the Public Service Commission "the cost is clearly disproportionate to the advantage to be gained."



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